In Twelve Instalments.

Eighth Instalment To-Day.

LATEST

# CONAN DOYLE'S CHERLOCK HOLMES TORY



"I tell you, Watson, this time we have a foeman worthy of our steel."

Sherlock Holmes.





DR. JOSEPH BELL.

## THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

#### SYNOPSIS OF FORMER INSTALMENTS.

Holmes, and the story of his th and the circumstances are

alist and neighbor, and is recognized by

My blood ran cold in my veins, for there was a break in his voice which told of the sudden horror which had seized him. "What do they call this sound?" he ask-

"The folk on the country-side?" "Oh, they are ignorant people. Why should you mind what they call it?"

say it is the cry of the Hound of He groaned, and was silent for a few

to come from miles away, over

the direction of the great Grimpen

Watson, didn't you think yourself that it was the cry of a hound? I am not a

You need not fear to speak the He said that it might be the

e truth in all these stories? that I am really in danger so dark a cause? You don't believe

uncle! There was the footprint

It was as cold as a block of marble.

the convict, and a hell-hound, as likely not, after us. Come on! We'll see

were loose upon the moor."

Something had evidently aroused his susthat all was not well, but I could read his fears upon his wicked face. Any in-tant he might dash out the light and vanish in the darkness. I sprang forward,

outlined as black as an chony statue on | peasants of the appearance and my uncle: There was the lootplint outlined as black as an econy state on of the hound beside him as he lay. It that shining back-ground, I saw the figure of a man upon the for. Do not think am a coward, Watson, but that sound that it was a delusion, Holmes, I assure ned to freeze my very blood. Feel you that I have never in my life seer anything more clearly. As far as I could judge, the figure was that of a tall, thin man. He stood with his legs a little sep-"You'll be all right to-morrow." man. He stood with his legs a little sep"I don't think I'll get that cry out of arated, his arms folded, his head bowed, my head. What do you advise that we as if he were brooding over that enormdo now?"

"Shall we turn back?"

"No, by thunder; we have come out to
get our man, and we will do it. We after
was not the convict. This man was for from the place where the latter had disappeare? Besides, he was a much aller man. With a cry of surprise I pointed him out to the baronet, but in the We stumbled slowly along in the darkness, with the black boom of the craggy
hills around us, and the yellow speck of was the sharp pinnacle of granite still

#### EXTRACT FROM THE DAIRY OF DR. WATSON.

the reports which I have forwarded during these early days to Sherlock Holmes Now, however, I have arrived at a point vict and our other strange experiences

banked in with rolling clouds, which rise

creature upon the moor. Twice I have with my own ears heard the sound which re-sembled the distant baying of a hound. It is incredible, impossible, that it should really be outside the ordinary laws of nature. A spectral hound which leaves material footmarks and fills the air w.h its howling is surely not to be thought of. Stapleton may fall in with such a superstition, and Mortimer also; but if I have one quality upon earth it & common-sense, and nothing will ; suade me to believe in such a thing. do so would be to descend to the level of these poor peasants, who are not content with a mere fiend dog, but must needs describe him with hell-fire shoot-Holmes would not listen to such fancies, and I he be the stranger whom I saw upon

hands upon that man, then at last we might find ourselves at the end of all our difficulties. To this one purpose

steps to attain my own end.

ince heard the sound of voices raised After a time the baronet opened his door

"Barrymore considers that he has a grievance." he said. "He thinks that it was unfair on our part to hunt his

said he, "and if I have I am sure that

when it was forced from you and wou

are lonely houses scatting over the moor, and he is a fellow in would stick at nothing. You only wint to get a gimpse of his face to see that. Look at Mr. Stapleton's house, for example, with no one but himself to default in Theorem on section for successions. There's no safety for anyone until he is

under lock and key."
"He'll break into no house, sir I give you my solemn word upon that. But he will never trouble any me in the country aga'n. I assure you, Sir Henry that in a very few days the notessary arrangements will have been made and he will be on his way to South America. For God's sake, sir, I beg of you not to let the police know that no is some on the moor. They have given up the chase there, and he can lie quiet until the ship is ready for him. You can't tell when he butler had left us Sir Henry turned to me. "Well, Watson, what do

I shrugged my shoulders safely out of the country it would re

"That is true," said Sir Henry.

it before, but it was long after the in quest that I found it out. I've never breathed a word about it yet to morta man. It's about poor Sir Charles'

The baronet and I were both upon feet. "Do you know how he died?" "No, sir, I don't know that."

"What then?" that hour. It was to meet a woman."
"To meet a woman! He?"

"Yes, sir." "I can't give you the name, sir, but I can give you the initials. Her initials were L L"

it. It was from Coombe Tracey, and was addressed in a woman's hand."

It seemed to us to be a posts end of the letter, and it sa please, as you are a gentleman, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock.' Beneath it were signed the initials L. L."

this one only it happened to come

"No, sir. No more than you have But I expect if we could lay our hands

formation."

"Well, sir, it was immediately after "Well, sir, it was immediately after that our own trouble came to us. And then, again. sir, we were both of us very fond of Sir Charles, as we well might be, considering all that he has done for us. To rake this up couldn't help our poor master, and it's well to go carefully when there's a lady in the

case. Even the best of us-"You thought it might injure his repu-"Well, sir, I thought no good could But now you have been kind to us, and I feel as if it would be

treating you unfairly not to tell you all that I know about the matter."

you think of this new light?

once. It will give him the clue for nothing but craniolo which he has been seeking. I am much sistaken if it does not bring him lown."

"Exactiv. She married and the moor. He proved to be a blackguard and deserted her. The fault from what I hear may not have been entirely on one side. Her father refused to have anything to do with her, because she had married without his consent and perhars for one or two other reasons as well. So, between the old sinner and the youns one the girl has had a pretty bad time." "How does she live?"

"How does she live?"

"I fancy old Frankland allows her a nittance, but it cannot be more for his own affairs are considerably involved. Whatever she may have deserved one could not allow her to go honelessly to the bad. Her story got about, and several of the people here did something to enable her to earn an honest living. Stapleton did for one and Sir Charles for another. I gave a trifle myself. It was to set her up in a tynewriting business."

He wanted to know the object of my linguirles but I managed to satisfy his curlosity without telling him too much.

"Did you see him twere?"
"No. sir, but the food was gonext I went that way."

"But how about his food?"
"Selden found out that he has got a min wine works for him and hrings him. all he needs. I dareasy he goes to Coombe Tracey for what he wants."

"Very good, Barrymore. We may talk further of this some other time." When the butler had gone I walked over to the black window, and I looked through a blurred pane at the driving clouds and at the tossing outline of the wind-swept trees. It is a wild night indoors, and what must it be in a stone hut upon the moor. What passion of hatred can it be which leads a man to lurk in such a place at such a time! And what deep and earnest purpose can he have which calls for such a trial! There, in that hut upon the moor seems to lie the very centre of that problem which has vexed me so sorely. I swear that another day shall not have passed before I have done all that man can do to reach the heart of the mystery. of the mystery

TO be continued.

### **NEW SKIN GAME OF** SHREWD GRAFTER

Driving Coal Wagon.

STRUCK TOWN DEAD BROKE

His Wits Were His Wealth, and as Result of Raffling Ruse He Makes Better Wages Than a Bank Clerk.

Won'tStick Long.

In every city in the United States there are large numbers of people, usu-ally young men, who exist without ever striking a lick of work, and it is often to make both ends meet. They don't eal, they have no income from real esand nine out of ten of them wear good clothes and always have the appearance

The police and detective departments of different cities have given much thought and time to trying to learn how this class of people support themselves, and it has been at last decided they belong in a class all by themselves. They are "grafters." depending entirely upon their wits to help them battle with the world.

In the "world of graft" there is an unwritten law which forbids any of the of the word, and the money they lay hold of must come easy, but after a cermin fashion, honestly. The different

in order to get the coin are numerous and unique, much space and many news-paper stories having been devoted to unfolding to the public the doings of the

Made Over Fifty Dollars a Week in question LOCKD SEEDY. Two weeks ago there walked into a lodging house in the eastern part of the city a fellow who looked like the last days of a misspent life. He was shabbly

> of once having been a gentleman. He was On the register he signed the name handed it over to the cierk and was as s'gned to a room on the top floor, to which he adjourned without ever having spoken to any one of the loungers about | envelope. It contained No. 68, and his

clab, but otherwise had the appearance

ered to the hotel a bulky looking package. It was for Mr. Luck and was sent to his room. A half hour later the gentleman in question walked into the office of the lodging house like a new man. He was as clean as a pin and had on a take place I nicely cut suit of clothes. The clerk | Main Street.

was greatly surprised.

Luck then informed that worthy that
he was a grafter by profession and intended "doing" Richmond to a hot fin-"I haven't a cent in the world now." said the fellow, who asked the clerk to call him "Chance for short," but before the week is over I will be flush with

money. I simply want you folks to let me sleep here for a day or two without coughing up in advance."

The talk was strong and the front so good that the clerk agreed to allow "Chance" to occupy the room for a couple

The individual with whom this story deals then walked to the corner of Main and Twelfth Streets, one of the busiest his pocket a large package of small enes and a memorandum book. To the It remains, however, for the boss story of the doings of a grafter to be told, and while it may sound somewhat fishy it is nevertheless a fact which will be first prosperous gentleman who happened "Chance" gave the following

"I am in Richmond on my uppers. have looked for work for several days but have been unable to catch on. I am willing to do anything and must have I have a little idea of my own and I want you to help me. In order to get employment I am going to raffle off my services for one week. 'I have one hundred envelopes contain-

ing numbers ranging from one to one hundred, and I want you to take a corresponding with the number you "Chance" then convinced the gentleman that he was in earnest, producing testimonials vouching for his honesty and the gentleman forthwith drew ar

name was placed on the list. The grafter continued holding up citizens, and in two days he had sold all of the chances, after which he journeyed gentlemen who had heiped him along and informed them that the raffle would take place in a certain bar on lower

Much interest had been aroused, and pened, there were present fully a hundred people, nearly every chance-holder being on the spot. A cup and three dice were proudce by the saloonist and the

spilling out in three efforts with the cup 48 spots. Strange to relate, his individual also held chances 4 and 11, a lucky combination, 4-11-44. As a result of all this Chance Luck is now driving a coal wagon, and for one week's work he has already recived \$52.50. not a measley sum for a citizen of the world of graft.

## THE PLEASURES OF MOSSBACK POKER

Train of Freight Cars Used by Inventive Tramp for Pack of Cards.

"Not long ago," said Frank Hopkins a Pennsylvania railroad detective. "1 discovered a new game, or rather became acquainted with the deails of ar old one little known outside the tram comps which line the railroads. quick action it has ping-pong and other effoto amusements backed clear into the corner.

"One morning while I was camping with a gang I had spotted, a gentleman we called Bigfoot rose wearly from his turf couch and asked me if I had two

"'What for?' I asked.
"'Why, to play, of course,' he an swered. 'I've got four beers.' I said. Four

beers is tramp for twenty cents.
"'Well, I'll go you a beer on the next mossy,' he said. Look here, I said, 'I haven't been

"'Look here,' I said, 'I haven't been on the road very long, an' you have me goin'. What's the game?'
"'What kind of a piker are you. any-hew, that you never played mossback poker?' he exciaimed.
"'Show me how,' I says, 'and the beers is yours if you get them.'
"'You've played poker in your time, I guess,' he said, with some scorn."'I admitted I had

and you have time to read the figures. and help a fellow out of a big hole The engine is the first hand. Say it is numbered 2021; you have a pair of deuces. First car is not sometimes. "Once down in West Philadelphia I can be a sometime of the control of the co ces. First car is my hand; say it is numbered 3360; you lose, for I have trays against your deuces. Are you "I admitted I had the idea.

"'Here comes a mossy, now,' yelled Bigfoot as he munched the end of a second-hand clgar stub. 'I'll take the first hand for a beer a throw." "I agreed. "'1420,' he yelled, as the locomotive

passed. 'That's ten high; the cipher counts a ten spot.'
'31.311,' I yelled. ''Got me skinned on an ace full,' he admitted.
"'6999,' he yelled gleefully next. 'You can't beat trips with old 4386.'
"'How does, your 5456 suit you?' I

asked. 'Pair of fives is good on them Cen trais, he said. 'See, I skinned you again on that measly 1146 of the Read-

"I lost again on a 6778, P., F. W. and

C. against a Pennsy 8998. I still was a bert to the good in my stock, but he cleaned me out on a 41.14 Pennsy against a 343 Missouri Pacific. "'Notice I had four-eleven forty-four?' Bigfoot asked me. Then I knew how it happened. HERE IS A SUGGESTION

"Fellows think there ain't no short-card end to the game, Bigfoot confided, as he pocketed my four heers. But as he pocketed my four beers. 'But there is, an' I'll put you next. Skin your eye over the train when you see it coming. Count back how far the steel cars run and fix your play so steel cars run and fix your play so you get all the big ones."
"I'll tell you why. All the steel cars

are the last put on by any railroad and the numbers run usually into five fig-ures. The little short gondolas run three and four figures, and the man that gets them is playin' a four-card I guess, he said with some seem.
"I admitted I had.
TWO THINGS NECESSARY.
"Well,' he went on, 'this is poker with no short-card end. All you need is the coin and a mossback train an' the game starts. You take a mossy for the game starts. You take a mossy for the deck because the cars go slowly

doubled on the caboose and won out with 11,111. My pal knocked the game, sayin' nobody could hold five aces in straight game, but I got the money after we had settled the point with bal-

last."

"Any other game you can play with a mossy?" I asked.

"Well." said Bigfoot, "they're good for craps. too, but the game is too slow. Say you shoot the engine for your point and get two. Your pal wins if a seven for the first figure on a car comes before the two. If you gat a two for the first figure, you take the coin."

"The trouble about mossy craps is that a whole train may pass before you

that a whole train may pass before you win or lose. I have played three trains before a beer changed hands. "Of course, it ain't so bad when you have nothing to do but loaf around and especially when you don't have than a beer. Only the cheap wait, especially when you don't have more than a beer. Only the cheap-skates who have no big money play mossy craps. Mossy poker is the thing for quick action."

For the Deaf and Dumb.

The effort now being made by the Virginia Association of the Deaf, of which Mr. William C. Ritter, of the Hampton Monitor, is president, to establish a school in Virginia for the education of the blind, deaf and dumb negro children My life is like the summer leaf, of the State is in every way a worthy one, and should receive the hearty support of all Virginians.

At present the State has a school for white children, located at Staunton, and the resluts have been most satisfactory, But none shall breathe a sigh for me the children showing a readiness to learn that is remarkable.

We do not know whether the work can be taken up at this time, but if not the nist work taken up among the negroes should be this, and there can be none deserving or worthy. Phoneus

When Stars are in the Oriet Skies. When stars are in the quiet skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine:
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men.
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me then!
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide;
And in that mystc hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are my thoughts of thee too sacred; for daylight's common beam; I can but know thee as my star, My Angel and my dream; When stars are in the quiet skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me then thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea!

My Life is Like the Summer Rose (By Richard Henry Wilde.) My life is like the summer rose. That opens to the morning sky But, ere the shades of evening close. Is scattered on the ground—to die! Yet on the rose's humble bed The sweetest dews of night are shed. As if she wept the waste to see\_ But none shall weep a tear for me!

That trembles in the moon's pale ray: Its hold is frail-its date it brief

Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade, The parent tree will mourn its shade. The winds bewall the leafless tree.

My life is like the prints which feet

Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,

Ot that lone shore loud moans the sea. But none alas! shall mourn for me!